

The Forerunner.

Sweetwater, Thursday, July 23, 1868

From the Norfolk Journal.]

"Whom Not Having Seen, We Love."

BY M. E. M.

It is easy to love when eye meets eye,
And the glance reveals in the heart,
When the flush on the cheek can the soul bespeak,
And the lips in gladness part:
There's a thrill of bliss in the loving kiss,
And a spell in the kindly tone,
And the spirit bath bonds of tenderness,
To link to itself its own.

But a deeper joy that hath no alloy,
From the heart's pure fount may flow,
When its wealth of love is bestowed above,
Where all its praises go!
In companionship sweet, at the Mercy Seat,
We call the Christ our own,
And never again can we complain,
Who are nevermore alone.

Though we gaze not now on the lovely brow,
For us that felt the thorn,
Though afar from home we pilgrims roam,
And our feet, with toil, are worn;
Though we never have pressed that pierced hand,
It is stretched our lives above!
And we own His care in grateful prayer,
"Whom having not seen, we love."

We have felt Him near for many a year,
When at eve we bent the knee,
The presence there, the answered prayer,
Dear Saviour, came from Thee!
When we've held our breath, by the bed of death,
In an agony of woe,
In that darkest hour we have felt His power,
All comfort to bestow.

And still as we climb the hill of time,
And the hopes of earth grow dim,
Through the gloom of night to the heavenly light,
We are pressing on to Him!
From the idols away, of this fading day,
We are lifting our eyes above,
To the city of gold, where His arms shall fold,
"Whom having not seen we love!"

Cotton Prospects.

A Southern contemporary gives the following as the result of much labor and research, during the last month, in gleaning facts upon which to base the prospects of the next cotton crop. He says:

The cotton crop is estimated at about three millions of bales, which is decidedly encouraging. Various accounts of the growing crop have been published, and from them we glean as follows:

In North Carolina—Stand good; plant healthy and ten per cent. less land in cotton than in 1867.

South Carolina—Crops somewhat backward but healthy; stand good; twenty per cent. less land in cotton, but more grain.

Georgia—Stand very good; probably twenty per cent. less planted.

Florida—Very encouraging; stand good and quantity of land in cotton about the same as last year.

Alabama—Stand unusually good; fifteen per cent. less land in cotton than last year; weather seasonable.

Louisiana—Very favorable; more land planted, and crop more forward than last year.

Tennessee—Two weeks ahead of last year. Crop fine and more planted.

Texas—About the same as last year. Coast counties and upper counties have also fair prospects, and all alarm as to the army worm ceased.

We must expect the usual amount of croaking and predicting until wheat is secured, corn harvested, cotton picked, and all other crops cared for. The result will doubtless be all right, and enough to spare will be found as the result of the year.

[Union and Dispatch.

To Cook Old Potatoes.—Peel them; put them in a tin or porcelain lined kettle; throw in a little salt; cover them with boiling water; let them boil until just done, then pour the water off and set them on the fire uncovered a few moments that the remaining water may evaporate. Set them on the table whole. They are then as mealy and sweet as fresh potatoes.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one cup of flour, half cup of cream, and two well beaten eggs; flavor with lemon; bake in square pans. [Ladies' Friend.

EGG TOAST.—Soak some slices of stale bread in cream or milk, but not long enough to become soft; then dip them in beaten egg with a little salt, and fry brown.

OMLET.—Ten eggs well beaten, a tea-cup of milk and a tablespoonful of flour. Fry in lard and serve quickly.

IMPORTANT TO TOBACCO RAISERS.—The Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette contains the following, which may be valuable to those of our farmers who are growing tobacco:

If you will plant a few Jamestown weeds in your tobacco fields, and well sweeten with good sugar one pint of water and then put one ounce of cobalt into the water, and then drop four drops of this mixture into the bloom of the Jamestown weed, you can kill every tobacco fly on your place ere they hatch worms. So says Mr. William Moore, of this county, who has tried it for many years, with the most gratifying results. By destroying this pestiferous fly, you can raise your tobacco crop with one-tenth the labor and attention now required. Try it.

Two excellent violins for sale at the Cheap Store of Fry & Spillman.

Could'nt See the Point.

Bill A—, like many a smarter man labored under the delusion that he possessed a splendid voice, and "oft in the still night," but more frequently in broad day, he startled the echoes of the surrounding woods and hills with what he chose to call "delicious notes" of his favorite "Annie Laurie," or, in his words, "Annie Lowry."

One day Bill was down on the river bank among the laurels, polishing his gun, working away in utter oblivion of all the world, encouraging himself with an occasional "snatch of song," when he was suddenly hailed from the other side of this stream with:

"Hallo, over there!"

"Hallo yourself!" answered Bill, peering through the thicket, when he saw the brigade quartermaster, who continued:

"Seen any mules about here?"

"No," replied Bill, testily, "I don't keep your cursed mules."

"I suppose not," retorted the quartermaster dryly; "only I heard a d—l of a braying over there, and thought it might be them: but I find that it is only a stray jackass."

The officer rode off, and Bill, scratching his head awhile, observed:

"Well, I 'spect Captain R— said somethin' sharp then—if a feller could only see the pint."

You who are in need of a nice walking cane can be accommodated with the article at the store of Fry & Spillman.

Josh Billings on Bed Bugs.

I never see anybody yet but what despised bed bugs. They are the meanest of all crawling, creeping, hopping or biting animals.

They dasent tackle a man by daylight, but sneak in after dark and chaw him while he is asleep.

A muskeeto will bite you in daylight, at short range, and give you a chance to nock at his sides; the flea is a game bug, and will make a dash at you even in Broadway; but the bed bug is a garrotter, who waits till you strip, and then finds a mellow spot to eat you. If I was ever in the habit of swaring, I would not hesitate to dam a bed bug rite in the face.

Bed bugs are uncommonly smart in one way—one pair of them will stock a hair mattress, in two weeks, with bugs enuff to last a small family a whole year.

It don't do emny good tow pray when bed bugs are in season; the only way to get rid of them is to bile up the whole bed in aquafortis and then heave it away and buy a new one.

Bed bugs, when tha have grown awl tha intend to, ar about the size of a blu jay's eye, and hav a brown complexion; when tha start out to garrote, tha ar as flat as a greese spot, but when tha git through garroting, tha ar swelled up like a blister.

It takes three days to get the swelling out ov them.

If bed bugs have emny destiny to fill, it must be thar stumucks, but it seems to me that tha must have been made by ak-sident, just as slivers ar, tew stick into somebody.

If tha wuz got up for some wize purpose tha must have taken the wrong track, for thare kant be emny wisdom in chawing a man awl nite long, and raising a family besides to follow the same trade.

If there is emny wisdom in all this, I hope the bugs will chaw them folks who see it and let me be, because I am one of the hereticks.

Just think about it, you can get a number one pair of Brogan Shoes for \$1.75 cash, at Fry & Spillman's.

She Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In 1843, during the Millerite excitement in the town of Durham, New Hampshire, old Aunt Sally H—, who would "weigh nine onto two hundred pounds," one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm exhortation, rose and said: "O, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord, I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong! O yes, powerful strong it is! So strong" continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a goose on wing, "that it does seem as if I could fly away now and meet the Lord in the air." The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming: "Try, sister, try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can she exclaimed, I know I can, and I will." She was standing near a window which was raised because of the oppressive heat—for it was summer. With her hankiechief in one hand and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for both her faith and the gravity of the audience. Down she comes with enormous and not very angelic grunts, shaking the whole house with the concussion. She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back to her seat, evidently disappointed. The next evening some of the young folks asked: "Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night when you tried so hard?" "I couldn't get the right flop," was the meek and convulsive reply.

The Humane Indian.

An Indian, who had not met with his usual success in hunting, wandered down to a plantation among the back settlements in Virginia, and seeing a planter at his door, asked for a morsel of bread, for he was very hungry. The planter bade him begone, for he would give him none.

"Will you give me a cup of your beer?" said the Indian.

"No, you shall have none here," replied the planter.

"But I am very faint," said the savage; "will you give me only a draught of cold water?"

"Get you gone, you Indian dog; you shall have nothing here," said the planter.

It happened, some months after, that the planter went on a shooting party up into the woods, where, intent upon his game, he missed his company and lost his way, and night coming on, he wandered through the forest until he espied an Indian wigwam.

He approached the savage's habitation and asked him to show him the way to a plantation on that side of the country.

"It is too late for you to go there this evening, sir," said the Indian; "but if you will accept of my homely fare, you are welcome."

He then offered him some venison, and such other refreshment as his stock afforded, and having laid some bear skins for his bed, he desired that he would repose himself for the night, and he would awake him early in the morning, and conduct him on his way.

Accordingly, in the morning they set off, and the Indian led him out of the forest, and put him into the road which he was to pursue; but just as they were taking leave, he stepped before the planter, and turning round and staring him full in the face, asked him whether he recollected his features.

The planter was now struck with shame and confusion, when he recognized in his kind protector the Indian whom he had so harshly treated.

He confessed that he knew him, and was full of excuses for his brutal behavior, to which the Indian only replied:

"When you see poor Indians fainting for a cup of cold water, don't say again, 'Get you gone, you Indian dog.' The Indian then wished him well on his journey, and left him. It is not difficult to say which of these two had the best claim to the name of Christian.

An Infamous Speech.

From a private letter dated 7th inst, from upper East Tennessee, we learn that Colonel Wm. B. Stokes made a speech at Jonesboro on the 4th inst., of the most violent and incendiary character. It surpassed anything delivered in that section since the war, as bitter and revengeful as many of them have been. The letter says:

"Ashburne, in all his infamy, could not approximate the baseness of Bill Stokes in his harangue. He told the negroes to arm themselves—every one of them—and should any d—d Rebel, or Copperhead, or Conservative insult them, to shoot them down in their tracks—not to suffer them to live. He said the day had passed for submission to Rebels.

"Most of the leading Radicals left Jonesboro and attended the Democratic celebration at Greeneville; and a majority of those appointed on the committee of arrangements at Jonesboro, declined to have anything to do with it, assigning, as a reason, that they wanted to get rid of the negro. This, it appears, incensed Stokes, and he had advised the negroes to 'spot every man who went from Jonesboro to Greeneville, and see to them.' His speech was full of oaths and curses, and his own party was disgusted with its profanity. Nothing so abhorrent and loathsome was ever delivered in this section."

If this statement is to be credited, and our correspondent derives it from Radicals, Stokes must have been drunk. Such sentiments coming from a sober man would indicate that he was in spirit a bandit or a bravo, the common enemy of his race.

[Union and Dispatch.

The Winsted Herald, is a radical paper of a country town in Connecticut, and one of its subscribers mis-interpreting the sending of his bill, (now the custom among all publishers,) comes back on the editor with the following badly spelled missive:

"RIVERTON June 15 1868,

You will find enclosed the pay for your paper and you need not send it any more if I have got to bee dund every week I will take a papersome where else and one of more sence than the Herald.

Please send a recete for the money."

Jox says that if a man feels much like getting married, yet imagines he ought not to, the best remedy he knows is to help one of his neighbors to move a house full of furniture—borrow about nine of his children and hear them cry. If that fails, build up a fire of damp wood and when the smoke in the room is thickest, hire a woman to scold him about four hours. If he can stand all these, he had better get married the next day—give his wife the pants and be the "silent partner" in the great firm of matrimony. The remedy is severe, but as every man is liable to these things after he yokes himself, it would do no harm to try it before.

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
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